Come, guard the doore without, let him not paſſe,
But kill him rather; Ile after that ſame villaine,
For tis a damned ſlaue. *Exit* Mont. *and* Gratiano.
Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But euery puny whipſter gets my ſword:
But why ſhould honour out-liue honeſty?
Let it goe all.
Em. What did thy ſong bode Lady?
Harke, canſt thou heare me? I will play the Swan,
And die in muſicke; *Willow, willow, willow.*
Moore, ſhe was chaſt, ſhe lou'd thee cruell Moore,
So come my ſoule to bliſſe, as I ſpeake true;
So ſpeaking as I thinke, I die, I die. *She dies.*
Oth. I haue another weapon in this chamber,
It is a ſword of *Spaine*, the Iſebrookes temper:
O here it is; Vncle, I muſt come forth. *Gra. within.*
Gra. If thou attempt it, it will coſt thee deere,
Thou haſt no weapon, and perforce muſt ſuffer.
Oth. Looke in vpon me then, and ſpeake to me,
Or naked as I am, I will aſſault thee.
Gra. What is the matter?
Oth. Behold, I haue a weapon,
A better neuer did it ſelfe ſuſtaine
Vpon a Soldiers thigh: I haue ſeene the day,
That with this little arme, and this good ſword,
I haue made my way through more impediments
Then twenty times your ſtop: but O vaine boaſt,
Who can controule his fate? tis not ſo now.
Be not affraid, though you doe ſee me weapon'd;
Here is my iournies end, here is my butte,
The very Sea-marke of my vtmoſt ſaile.
Doe you goe backe diſmaid? tis a loſt feare,
Man but a ruſh againſt *Othello's* breaſt,
And he retires. Where ſhould *Othello* goe?
How doſt thou looke now? O ill ſtar'd wench,
Pale as thy ſmocke; when we ſhall meet at compt,
This looke of thine will hurle my ſoule from heauen,
And fiends will ſnatch at it: cold, cold, my girle,

Euen

Euen like thy chaſtity: O curſed ſlaue:
Whip me you deuills,
From the poſſeſſion of this heauenly ſight,
Blow me about in winds, roaſt me in ſulphure,
Waſh me in ſteepe downe gulphes of liquid fire:
O *Deſdemona, Deſdemona*; dead, O, o, o.

Enter Lodouico, Montano, *and officers*,
Caſſio *in a chaire*

Lod. Where is this raſh and moſt infortunate man?
Oth. That's he that was *Othello*, here I am.
Lod. Where is that Viper? bring the villaine forth,
Oth. I looke downe towards his feet, but that's a fable,
If that thou beeſt a deuill I cannot kill thee.
Lod. Wrench his ſword from him.
Iag. I bleed ſir, but not kil'd.
Oth. I am not ſorry neither, I'de haue thee liue,
For in my ſenſe tis happineſſe to dye.
Lod. O thou *Othello*, that wert once ſo good,
Falne in the practiſe of a damned ſlaue,
What ſhould be ſaid to thee?
Oth. Why, any thing.
An honourable murderer if you will;
For nought did I in hate, but all in honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confeſt his villainy:
Did you and he conſent in *Caſſio's* death?
Oth. I.
Ca. Deare Generall, I did neuer giue you cauſe.
Oth. I doe beleeue it, and I aske you pardon;
Will you I pray, demaund that demy deuill,
Why he hath thus inſnar'd my ſoule and body?
Iag. Demand me nothing, what you know you know;
From this time forth I neuer will ſpeake word.
Lod. What, not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou doeſt beſt.
Lod. Sir, you ſhall vnderſtand what hath befalne,
Which, as I think you know not: here is a letter,

Found